

Twenty-two, Foot Lead Vel.
Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 22.—N.
Friendsville, Tenn., on the Atlan
Knoxville and Northern railway, C
tain T. M. Crawford, an Ohio pr
pervisor, has uncovered a vein of lo
ore twenty-two feet in thickness a
of an undetermined depth. The v
has been traced along the side of
mountain for half a mile and is o
six inches below the surface at pla

Spanish Deputy Shot.
London, Nov. 22.—According to a dispatch to The Daily Express from Madrid, as Senor Romeo, a journalist, leaving the chamber of deputies Wednesday he was fired at by two men. He received two bullets in the head and is dying.

Suicide Because Mother Scolded.
Hagerstown, Md., Nov. 22.—Marion, aged sixteen, swallowed arsenic because her mother had scolded her. She is not expected to recover.

Ground Up In Tale Mill.
Watertown, N. Y., Nov. 22.—Benjamin Robison, thirty years old, was the victim of a terrible accident while working near a cylinder at the United States Tale company's mill at Doonville. He slipped and fell into a machine used in grinding tale. His body was ground into pulp.

Two Killed at a Crossing
MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 22.—W
Gladys, 12, and her brother, Hattie,
10, were killed today at the crossing
between the city and the country. Gladys,
aged 12, was the driver of the car. They were
on their way to a grade school.

Watertown, N. Y., Nov. 22. Powell, farmer residing ten miles from Gettysburg, was shot in the head by a town man last night. He is expected to recover. Powell was called to the door, and as he stepped out he was fired from the darkness. No bullet has been obtained.

Weather Forecast.
Fair; winds variable, becoming east

In nine cases out of ten the man who abuses the press would be able to make a living without assistance. — Washington Post.

What a candidate says to the press is often forgotten. But what he says to a party boss is likely to be remembered. — *ibid.*

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her all the attention possible, and when she had finished I charged her for the whole amount. This of course made her very indignant, and she was highly offended, threatening to have me discharged, but after parleying for awhile she paid her bill and left, we supposed, never to return again, but to our surprise she came back after staying away for several days, and we found her a much changed woman."—Pittsburg Press.

Revival of Earrings.

Since Cleopatra's time and her magnificent pearl earring, which played such a prominent part in her life, or, rather, death, this particular piece of feminine jewelry has come in and gone out regularly with the tide of popularity. Just now earrings are considered quite the correct thing, though for 10 or 15 years they have scarcely been worn at all.

The "grown ups" of that period are probably prepared to welcome them as old friends. To the others it will be a new experience and means having the ears pierced. Jewelers have been preparing for the last two years the revival of this fashion, and there has been a marked tendency in its direction, and now it is generally admitted that earrings are positively to be worn.

Be it understood, however, there are conditions that must be rigidly observed. Not any kind of earrings may be worn. In fact there is a limited number to choose from. The principal thing is that they must not swing. Old earrings may be brought forth from their velvet resting places of many years and undergo inspection. If they would be converted into strictly modern ones, they must pay a visit to the jeweler and be reset.

Two settings are permissible, the screw and the French, the latter a combination of the screw and the old fashioned "drop," but without the swing. Another thing prohibited is the single diamond, once elegantly styled a "solitaire." Pearls and turquoises, alone or set round with diamonds, are all you have to select from if you confine yourself to the earrings of fashion. Of course pearls, lustrous and of fairly good size, are favorites. These are rare and expensive enough to be much desired by smart women.

A Mean Feminine Trick.

This edifying conversation was heard on a Norristown train. The two girls were rather pretty, and one of them carried a novel from the free library.

First Girl—So your engagement is broken off?

Second Girl—Yes, I broke it off last Wednesday night.

First Girl—But you still have that beautiful ring? Didn't he expect you to return it to him?

Second Girl—I suppose he did, but I got around that matter splendidly. I have half a mind to tell you all about it.

First Girl—Oh, yes; do tell me!

Second Girl—Well, I will. You see, I knew I should throw him over on Wednesday night, so that afternoon I bought from a fakir on Eighth street a 10 cent ring that resembled this one considerably. We were sitting on the front porch, and, just as I had hoped, we had a dreadful quarrel. "I am done with you now," I said. And I took off the ring and threw it out in the middle of the street. A trolley car came along and passed over it. "There is your ring," I said. "Go hunt for it if you want it!" "Oh, it doesn't matter about the ring," he said. "I am not taking the ring, May. You are a tease to throw it away, but I will look for it either of us now." Then he went away, little suspecting the trick I had played on him. He was easy, wasn't he?

First Girl—Wasn't he easy, though? Philadelphia Record.

President Tyler's Daughter.

A former mistress of the White House, Mrs. Letitia Stemple, daughter of President Tyler, is still living in Washington and was seen there in public at the reception given to Mrs. Daniel Manning and the daughters of the American Revolution. Few know her now, and she was spoken of as the "tiny old woman in black, with Quaker bonnet of the same color." She presided at the White House in her youth, but has now been for many years a guest at the Louise Home, which was built in Washington by W. W. Corcoran in memory of his wife and daughter and endowed for the benefit of gentlewomen of southern birth who are in reduced circumstances.

Taught Three Generations.

Miss Mattie McClave, who has taught in Indiana schools for 45 successive years and has among her present pupils grandchildren of some of those taught in her youth, is about to resign and give up the work. She has taught in but three towns, Greensburg, Afton and Cambridge City, and ever since 1871 has taught one grade at Cambridge City.

The finger purses with straps have had a long run, and other small purses that are being made have a pocket at the back into which the finger can be slipped. These latter are a welcome change from the older style. These little purses are made in the shape of a horseshoe with frames studded with steel points.

The appointment of two women physicians as resident medical officers of the London Royal Free hospital offers women in that city a new opportunity to acquire the practical experience so valuable after graduation from the medical schools.

Cover tomatoes with boiling water half a minute, then lay them in cold water till they are perfectly cold, when the skin can be slipped off without difficulty, leaving the tomatoes unbroken and as firm as before they were scalded.

completely right in their statement that there is a need of greater competency in both these fields and that no superficial training will produce this competency. They have shaped the professional course on a basis of preliminary education of a high grade and hope that college women will see in what it offers opportunities for paying work of a high sociological value. Municipal sociology, the physiology of nutrition, house building, plumbing, heating drainage, the principles of cooking—these are only a few of the subjects included in the course, and moreover there is practical work in institutional management and social service, social settlement houses having been equipped for use as laboratories for experiment in social work. It may go hard with that portion of the submerged tenth in the neighborhood of the settlements, but it will be the making of the aspiring students.

The simpler course of study, which is called the homemaker's course, doesn't imply any preliminary training. Any woman who has the moral courage, after reading the circular, may undertake it. It is founded on the bedrock principle that any uplift in the way of increased health and opportunity for men at large which sanitation and economics can effect must find its ultimate expression through the individual home, and the work is exceedingly practical, but there seems to be a good deal of it. When a woman finishes the course, she should know everything about a home, from its responsibility as a social unit to the best way of keeping copper kettles bright.—New York Sun.

Benefits From the Bicycle.

There has been no greater blessing given to women of the present day for the benefit of health and happiness than the bicycle, properly used. To the woman compelled to earn her own living and that of others shut up in office, shop and factory it has given the opportunity to get away from the treadmill of everyday life and seek health and happiness in God's pure air and green fields, returning refreshed in mind and body, better able to meet the conditions of life placed upon her.

And what an opportunity the bicycle has presented to the mother. Only we who have the care of a family can fully appreciate the benefit of a spin in the glorious morning air, if it be of only 20 minutes' duration—it quiets the nerves and sends the glow of health to the cheek and the bright sparkle to the eye—returning home to enter on the duties of the day glad at heart and making every one else so.

And our suburban sister, how has she been benefited by the cycle? It has revolutionized her life. It has been the means of keeping her in touch with her sister in the city, it has carried her into the shopping district and given her the advantage of exercise which she could not get in car and carriage travel. It also brings her city companion to her home, and many happy, joyous hours are spent in each other's company that in days gone by were sad and lonesome. So the cycle is a boon of boons to suburbanites.

And our society sister, burdened by her exacting duties, what a refuge to fly to! To hear her away from it all for a little while into the open, happy as a lark. No coachman to impair the beautiful vision, and all without the strict code of decorum. Happy cycle, did it ever come to your inventor how much benefit he had given womankind!

How has the schoolteacher been benefited by the cycle? Battling day by day in the nerve destroying occupation of expanding two cubic or more young buds of promise into flower and fruit of the future, trying to place each in self suitable for noble development, does she need recreation? Who more? There is the ever ready friend awaiting her pleasure to carry her off to new scenes and places, to smooth the ruffled mind and give her fresh inspiration and courage.—Mrs. Clara Jamison in American Queen.

Trials of a Waitress.

In conversing with a young woman in one of our leading restaurants the other day she said that no one has any idea of how they are oftentimes regarded by persons who come there to be served. They are treated with utmost courtesy and in a most thoughtless manner. She related an incident which occurred a short time ago to illustrate one of the many things they are called upon to contend with.

A woman, she said, who was in the habit of coming there regularly would order her dishes changed three or four times before she was satisfied, each time making an excuse that it was not what she wanted, and she became so noted that none of the waitresses cared to wait on her. It happened that her turn came, and she, being a bright young woman, as many of the women in restaurants are, determined if possible to devise some plan by which to break her of this habit. It happened that she ordered roast beef, and after cutting it in two, notwithstanding the fact that it was a prime cut, she again ordered it returned, with the excuse that it was not as well done as she liked it. She seemed to delight in putting the waitress to as much trouble as possible, and she was not slow to see it.

This is what she said: "Some people are never satisfied unless they can make life hard for some one, and in no place is this more apparent than in a restaurant. I determined to punish her if possible, knowing it was at the expense of losing her custom for the house, but this I did not think would make much difference, as she was only a loss to the business at any rate, and besides I was carrying out one of the rules by doing so. I took back the roast beef and ordered two other dishes before she was satisfied. The worst of the matter was that she would order the girls around as if they were very inferior to her and must therefore give

WOMAN'S WORLD.

FRAU WAGNER, WHO BURIED HER HAIR IN HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

Housekeeping as a Science—Benefits From the Bicycle—Trials of a Waitress—Revival of Earrings—A Mean Feminine Trick.

Frau Cosima Wagner, widow of the great Richard Wagner and one of the most efficient generalists in Europe as far as operatic matters are concerned, has suffered her first rebuff in years.

The Prussian government has refused to sanction the passage of the copyright bill which would have made possible the extension for a certain number of years of the ownership by Wagner's heirs of the copyright privileges of his opera "Parsifal." This opera, as the rest of the musical world knows to its vexation, is now performed only at Bayreuth. The valuable copyright which protects it will, however, become invalid in 1913, at which date all of the great composer's works become public property. Anticipating this dire event, Frau Cosima and Herr Siegfried Wagner, her son, made this bold attempt to retain their exclusive right and failed.

To understand Frau Wagner's chagrin at this failure it is necessary to recall her almost fanatical devotion both



FRAU COSIMA WAGNER.

to her husband's memory and to every bar of his works, the beginning long years ago of her romantic love for him when she was still the wife of another man, her influence exerted upon her father, Liszt, in Wagner's favor; the tremendous energy she spent toward his advancement and the many manifestations of her widely devotion, culminating in the spectacular sacrifice of her hair at Wagner's death.

There is no suggestion in the appearance of the Frau Wagner of today—tall, massive, strong featured, with masses of snow white hair piled about her head—of this memorable incident of her hair at Wagner's funeral day.

Frau Cosima had brown hair then. It was long, shiny, abundant, a great ornament. Wagner, who intensely admired the wife he had won in so unconventional a fashion, had always thought her hair particularly beautiful. As he lay in his coffin, therefore, it occurred to the new made widow to emphasize her widowhood, its desolation and renunciation, by cutting off her magnificent hair, coiling it up and placing it under her dead husband's head as a pillow for his endless sleep.

No little sensation was caused by her carrying this intention into effect. But time remedied the voluntarily imposed defect, and Frau Cosima's hair is as long and heavy today as it was 18 years ago, when Wagner died.

In spite of her age this masterful old lady is one of the most remarkable women in Europe.

In Hahnreuth, where she lives in the square stone villa, Wahnfried, which Wagner built and where she personally directs the smallest details of the yearly Wagner festivals, the elderly frau is practically a queen. Her receptions at Wahnfried, where she is invariably the most distinguished in appearance of all the women present, are of almost royal dignity and importance. Nevertheless her manner of life is simple enough except on her visits to Munich, where she maintains great state, being a constant visitor at court.

Housekeeping as a Science.

Boston has a school of housekeeping whose circular is calculated to discourage matrimonially inclined young women. If housekeeping means even a fraction of what is indicated in the schedule of studies, it is a thing to appall the stoutest hearted. Still, all prospective housekeepers are not supposed to study everything set down in the circular. There are two distinct courses of study in the school, one designed for the practical training of women who attain domestic responsibility or have it thrust upon them and the other for the training of teachers of domestic economy, health engineers and social servants.

To the uninitiated the announcement of this second, or unprofessional, course means much what the Jabberwock meant to Alice. It seems to fill their minds with ideas, but they don't know exactly what the ideas are. Fortunately the circular recognizes the intellectual limitations of the masses and explains: "A health engineer is a person fitted to undertake the beautiful management of domestic matters in university halls, public institutions, etc. A social servant devotes her knowledge to the betterment of the living conditions of the 'other half' of society."

The promoters of the school are in-

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Suspense.

Some folks give roast turkey, Some folks chicken pie, Some give sweet potatoes, And some give pumpkin pie.

Some give pork or possum, Trum de possum she'll, Some give lots of gravy, And some dey 'ter' give 'er.

Thanksgiving brings dem chances Of many kins to me; I 'ze waitin' 'an I 'ze waitin' 'An 'a wonder' which 'twill be.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Suggestive.

"Gracious me! I think papa is going to take that young man into the family."

"Why, dear?"

"Well, when they were playing cards last night I distinctly heard papa say, 'I think I'll raise you, Harry.'"

—Chicago News.

In Great Luck.

"You've lynched the wrong man!" cried the sheriff.

"Well," replied Alkali Ike thoughtfully, "it's a great piece of luck that we didn't find it out in time to spoil the fun."—Chicago Post.

Rough on Cholmondey.

A dapper young fellow named Cholmondey remarked to a maid, "You are Cholmondey."

But the maid went away, Not a word did she say, And poor Cholmondey looked after her dol-mo-dey.

—Baltimore American.

Br'er Williams.

"Br'er Williams said he gwine come back ter dis worl' after he got ter glory, but ez we ain't seen 'im sense I reckon dey must er clipped his wings, kaze he vuz a big flier anyhow!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Chestnut Market.

The chestnut has a suit of mail, Set round with curious spiny bristles; 'Tis grown, 'tis hard, to find a sale Among unvarying critics.

—His Innings.

Ostend—What is a "horse laugh," paw?

Paw—it is a laugh the rural horse gives when he sees an automobile stalled in the mud, my son.—Washington Star.

An Explanation.

It's not because he don't love his wife That he seems in tenderness lacking And looks weary of life, it's because Of the wrong horse he's been backing.

—The Difference.

White man full of sorrow, Grown old his wife; Georgy nigger dancin' On a ole barn do'.

—Atlanta Constitution.

That Ended It.

Maud—What makes you treat Jack so coldly? You used to find him so interesting?

Marle—Didn't you know I was engaged to him now?

—The Hand Game.

Although in an unseemly tone, Men preach the golden rule anew, Each always tries to keep his own And get the other fellow's too.

—Washington Star.

Has Strong Hopes.

Bings—Why are you in half mourning?

Bangs—My mother-in-law writes me she is half dead!—Philadelphia North American.

The Choice of Fella.

I hate the routine of business, Which leads all one's hours to toil, And yet I would very much rather, I know, Recite it than shovel it off.

—Philadelphia Press.

Between Friends.

Bella—What would you give for a complexion like mine?

Ella—Fifty cents a box.—Philadelphia North American.

Reason.

"Rhyme without reason!" I cried, Condemning the stuff, "Our readers demand it," the editor said, "Which is reason enough!"

—New York Sun.

Credit Good.

"Have they enough to live on their income?"

"Why, they have enough to live beyond it."—Life.

What They Cry For.

With the coming of the autumn The small boy begins to utter Requests for hunka of homemade bread Covered with fresh apple butter.

—Chicago News.

An Easy Way.

"How did he get rich?"

"Betting against what were supposed to be sure things."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fame.

The ways to gain this world's applause Are various and complex; Some get the same by writing books And some by writing checks.

—Washington Star.

Passing Remarks.

Talkative Bore—Well, young man, what's going on today?

Former Victim—I am.—Detroit Free Press.

When-begone.

It is not to the auto bus The home his driver goes, Because, you see, his driver is The source of all his "whos."

—Philadelphia Press.

How It Was.

"My wife has bleached her hair."

"I heard she had grown light headed."

For Future Reference.

He only thinks he thinks who thinks The girl he loves today, Will not think, when she's his wife, On leaving her own.—Detroit Free Press.

AN IRRITATING GAZE.

Studying the Feet Opposite You in a Street Car.

"People sometimes look better going from you," said a man who observes things, "than coming your way. A girl with a profile that is admirable, bewitching almost, will give you the hiccough when she turns her face toward you. The handsome man or woman has a bad point of view, or one, if not exactly bad, that he or she probably has discovered is not quite the best, and so they make it convenient to turn the other cheek."

But a place where you can study character in abandon is in the row of feet on the other side of a street car. Look at them, but don't let their owners know what you are doing—at first, at least. Afterward, if you are a detestable, disagreeable, inconsiderate, unsympathetic person, just keep staring at them, up and down the row, and see them cringe and turn and draw up into the folds of skirts and toes in and out, while a dozen uncomfortable, embarrassed, poor, weak mortals over the way show by every sign and expression how they hate and fear your complacent gaze. It won't do them any good to look daggers, because you have the drop on them. They are wondering just what sort of an awkward position their feet were in when you first began gazing at them—whether you saw a white stocking through a cracked shoe.

"It never occurs to the miserable ones to look at your feet. If it does, get off at the next corner. You, who know and have seen, should never permit yourself to be made to feel the humiliation of having your feet caught, the worst one forward. Some people go through life putting their best foot forward, but there comes a day when the second step gives them away."

"So if your shoes need a polish or new laces, if they are cracked across the toe or a sole coming off, if they are all run over and show how lowbrowed you must be if the truth were only known, or if a dozen other things about your right half don't just exactly suit you, don't ride on a street car after this is printed for some one is going to take it all in sitting opposite you just as sure—well, as sure as that you have read this and have been doing the same thing yourself."—New York Mail and Express.

OLD FASHIONED FOLK.

What has become of the old fashioned man who wore a shirt?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who used to say, "Well, did you ever see the like?"

What has become of the old fashioned woman who came to town on circus day with a turkey wing fan?

We refuse to decide if a woman is old fashioned or not until we have tasted vegetable soup of her making.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who always served pickled tongue when she had company for supper?

What has become of the old fashioned man who "boarded" the children—who caught them and rubbed his whiskers against their faces?

What has become of the old fashioned woman whose fan it was not to collect spoons, teapots or shams, but to make a collection of babies?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who thought she could not invite a soul to the house to eat without including the preacher and his wife?—Aitchison Globe.

Told of a Woman Reporter.

At a gathering of women of the press in Buffalo the following humorous story was enjoyed by the fraternity. It was related as the experience of a reporter in a country town who went to get an obituary from a woman whose husband had hanged himself in the attic. The beleaguered widow was a friend of the editor of her paper, and the reporter was instructed to make an allusion to the hanging in talking with her. The first remark of the reporter, however, led up to a faux pas. "Very pleasant weather," she said, by way of a beginning.

"Yes," answered the widow, "but we haven't had a pleasant Monday for washing in a long time."

"Oh, I shouldn't think you would mind that," said the reporter. "Mamma always envied you. She said you had such a good attitude toward hanging things."—Buffalo Express.

Prisons Should Teach, Not Punish.

A prison should not be an inferno, but a purgatory. The criminal is almost invariably weak of will and mind and body. He does not understand himself and he is too stupid to society. His ideas are wrong. His passions have never known check. In this state of barbarism he is dangerous, and society in its own defense sends him into the exile of a prison. If it does no more, he returns at the end of his sentence worse than he went in. When it opens his cell door, it must open the way to a new life. The prison must be a school, a shop, a church, rather than a place of punishment, for till the mind and character are weakened there will be no penitence, only anger and nursing of revenge.—Saturday Evening Post.

Lake Winnebago.

Lake Winnebago is remarkable for its shallowness. Although it is about 23 miles in length and 10 or 12 miles in width, it has a depth of only 25 feet. This is due to the fact that the lake's outlet is constantly decreasing, and that the lake is gradually filling its bottom with a sandy or earthy deposit. But Winnebago's shallowness makes it remarkably rich in fish. Indeed, it is one of the most productive known. Shallow lakes always have more fish than deep ones; chiefly, perhaps, because they are more vegetation on the bottom of the shallow ones.

Birthday Cake Candles.

An ingenious woman has discovered a new way of fastening the candles to a birthday cake. She fastens the end of a large candle and tucks it into the lower end of each candle about half way. The other half, thrust into the frosting of the cake, holds the candle firm and does not break the icing.

Blow Will Tell.

"All my roses are bloomed stock," said Farmer Haysley proudly.

"Blue bloomed, I imagine," rejoined a frivolous summer boarder, "judging from the milk."—Chicago News.

The Jar Domestic.

Wife—Do you know of what you remind me?

Husband—No; but I know of what you remind me.

Wife—What?

Husband—Of every little thing I happen to forget.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

How the Parson is Sometimes Worst-Off by the Layman.

He very occasionally gets it in church as in the classic case instanced by the late Dean Ramsay, who relates that on a sultry summer Sunday afternoon a country congregation felt and yielded to the temptation to drowsiness with a remarkable unanimity. Almost the only person apparently wide awake was the village idiot, who sat in the front of the church with steady gaze fixed on the minister. Singling him out as an example, the parson sharply rebuked his flock for their sleepiness. "Why," he exclaimed, "even the poor afflicted one, Daff Jamie, as ye call him, can manage to keep awake." "Aye, but, minister," retorted Jamie, not quite comprehending the situation, but duly reverencing the sudden publicity given to his doings, "if I hadn't been an idiot I wad ha' been sleepin' too."

In a small church in Yorkshire well known to the writer one of the most regular and attentive attendants was a countryman who always closed his eyes to listen to the sermon. It helped him to think, he used to say, and that he really listened no one who undertook to question him about the discourse could doubt. On one occasion when the pulpit was occupied by a youthful cleric from a neighboring place there came a pause in the sermon. Suspecting what it meant, but not troubling to open his eyes, old John said: "This can ger on wi' yer preachin'. I'm noan asleep."

Out of church the parson sometimes receives a "nasty one," deliberately administered. I regret to say that my own grandfather once, in a moment of angry outspokenness, likened his vicar-in-the-presence of that worthy—to the guide-post at the cross lanes in the parish; "for," said the irate and blunt old man, "it points people the road, but doesn't travel in it itself." The astonished vicar was too much taken aback to reply while his censor was within hearing, or he might have made the retort which was made by a Kentish clergyman to a similar charge. "What?" said he. "Why, you're never content. Here I tell you what you ought to do on Sunday and show you what you ought not to do the rest of the week. What more do you want? You're never satisfied."—Chambers's Journal.

TWO CAPTAINS.

One Dies For His People, the Other's People Die For Him.

Ruskin in his "Essay on War" says: "It is wholly inconceivable to me how well educated princes who ought to be of all gentlemen the gentlest and of all nobles the most generous and whose title of royalty means only their function of doing every man right—how these, I say, throughout history should so rarely pronounce themselves on the side of the poor and of justice, but continually maintain themselves and their own interests by oppression of the poor and by wresting of justice, and how this should be accepted as so natural that the word 'loyalty,' which means faithfulness to law, is used as if it were only the duty of a people to be loyal to their king and not the duty of a king to be infinitely more loyal to his people."

"How it comes to pass that a sea captain will die with his passengers and lean over the gunwale to give the parting look to his crew, but that a king will not usually die with much less loss, his passengers—thinks it rather incumbent on his passengers in any number to die for him? Think, I beseech you, of the wonder of this."

"The sea captain, not captain by divine right, but only by company's appointment; not a man of royal descent, but only a plebeian who can steer; not with the eyes of the world upon him, but with feeble chance, depending on one poor boat, of his name being ever heard above the wash of the fatal waves; not with the cause of a nation resting on his act, but helping to save so much as a child from among the lost crowd with whom he resolves to be last, yet goes down quietly to his grave rather than break his faith to those few emigrants."

"But your captain by divine right, your captain with the hues of a hundred shields of kings upon his breast, your captain whose every deed, brave or base, will be illuminated and branded forever before unnumbered eyes of men, your captain whose every thought and act are beneficent or fatal from sun rising to setting, blessing as the sunshine or shadowing as the night—this captain as you find him in history for the most part thinks only how he may tax his passengers and sit at most ease in his cabin."

A Duck's Suicide.

Sportsmen who hunt ducks on inland streams and lakes have frequently known them to dive when wounded and fail to appear again.

A professional guide who has shot ducks for many years along the upper Hudson says he has solved the mystery. He shot a wood duck that fell wounded and dived in still water. It did not reap and when he came to look for it in the water he saw the bird hanging with its bill to a root. It was quite dead, and considerable force was necessary to loosen its hold.

The hunter firmly believes that the duck committed suicide by drowning to keep from falling into the hands of its mortal enemy—man.

Planting a Vine.

Remember when you plant a vine that you are planting for time, and make a good provision for its growth. Don't dig a hole just large enough for the plant and thrust it in, leaving it to "sink or swim, survive or perish," as best it may. Rather do you give it a fair show for its life. Choose a place in good sunlight. Dig a hole two feet deep and a foot and half square. Cart away the earth and fill the hole with well rotted compost, putting good garden soil on top in which to set the plant. You have thus supplied it with something to grow on, and the plant will reward you accordingly.

Nosebleed.

To stop nosebleed apply cold water or ice to the forehead and nose or ice to the back of the neck or to the roof of the mouth. If this does not check the bleeding, insert in the bleeding nostril a plug of dry cotton or wet the cotton first in a strong solution of alum water. Raising the arms high above the head sometimes stops the bleeding.

On and Off.

When Lionel Barrymore, son of Maurice Barrymore, first went on the stage, he got a very small part in a play. He was greatly disappointed, of course, but was glad to be there at all. Speaking of his appearance to a friend the next day, the friend said:

"Why, I saw the play, but I didn't see you."

"You must have winked," replied Lionel.—New York Times.

